Satyajett

THE PATHLESS PATH

A Memoir of Awakening and Return

Letters to My Master -A Memoir of Awakening and Return

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First Edition

Author Website: Satyajett.net

To my mother, Suman.

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CHAPTER 1

THE NIGHT NOTHING HAPPENED

My head would be pushed back, and it felt like I was plugged into something.

It usually happened while listening to music.

The body would curve into a half-moon pose on its own.
There was intense strain in the neck and head.
Then suddenly — release.
And I would be completely fine.

This happened six or seven times in two months.

I didn't know what it was.

I didn't try to name it.

I just let it happen.

***

That night, on the 2nd of July 2017, something stronger happened.

I slept.

Or at least the body slept.

But I could see that it was sleep.

I slept **awake**.

The body was sleeping, but I was aware the whole time.

There was no dream, no story, just this strange clarity.

Like watching my own sleep from inside.

So I let it go completely.

No resistance.

No clinging.

Everything relaxed.

***

The next morning, I woke up extremely fresh.

Not normal, fresh.

Unnaturally fresh.

Like I had slept for years.

At the same time, there was confusion.

I didn't want to do anything.

Not even getting out of bed.

Why act?

For what?

Nothing was missing.

I felt like the richest and the poorest man at the same time.

A billionaire who can't spend.

***

Then something very simple and very strange became obvious.

Thoughts were not there.

Not reduced.

Not controlled.

Just not arising.

The constant inner talking — gone.

Silence.

Not cultivated silence.

Not meditation silence.

Just absence.

Like someone switched off a machine that had been running my whole life.

And only after it stopped did I realise how loud it had been.

***

I could still function.

Walk. Brush. Drink water.

But there was no “me” doing it.

Life was happening on its own.

Perfectly fine without my management.

That was shocking.

Because all my life, I thought I was the doer.

Suddenly, there was no doer anywhere.

Just doing.

***

The days that followed were intense.

Five or six days like this.

Time just flew.

But I was completely still with the present.

I would sit on the balcony staring at the trees, and hours would pass.

It didn't feel like time passing.

Sometimes I couldn't remember what happened in the morning.

Only when needed, memory would pop up for reference.

The rest felt unnecessary.

Like the mind had stopped collecting garbage.

Situations in which I would normally get angry didn't affect me.

It wasn't suppression.

It wasn't controlled.

Anger would start to rise, but something had changed.

The “doer” of anger seemed to be missing.

So the reaction couldn’t complete itself.

It was like a wave with no shore to hit.

One night, a dog was dying in front of my door.

Earlier, I would have panicked.

Tried to save it.

Cried.

This time I just watched.

There was sensitivity.

But acceptance at the same time.

Exactly like watching the movement of trees.

Life moving.

Life leaving.

Nothing personal.

For the first time, death didn't look tragic.

It looked natural.

Almost ordinary.

That scared me and freed me at the same time.

Everything looked new.

As if I was seeing the world for the first time.

Walls.
Light.
My own hands.

Even my body felt unfamiliar at night.

Like it didn't belong to me.

Like I was borrowing it.

And the strangest sensation —

While walking, there was a lag.

Like the body was following me.

Or I was following the body.

I couldn't tell.

But there was a clear delay.

As if "I" moved first and the body came after.

Very subtle.

But undeniable.

My mind felt far away, too.

Like a monsoon cloud pouring somewhere on the plains in the distance.

Present.

But not here.

Not me.

***

There was no bliss.

No visions.

No divine fireworks.

Which made it even more convincing.

Because imagination is dramatic.

This was too simple to be imagination.

Just this bare, naked existence.

Nothing added.

Nothing missing.

***

Only later did I hear people use the word enlightenment.

At that time, I had no label.

I only knew one thing:

something fundamental had dropped.

The centre.

The “me.”

And life continued perfectly well without it.

Maybe better.

***

That was the beginning.

Not a master.

Not teachings.

Not practices.

Just an ordinary night

When nothing happened

And everything changed.

CHAPTER 2

COLLAPSE & WANDERING

After those days, nothing looked the same.

But nothing looked spiritual either.

That's what confused me.

There were no halos.

No permanent bliss.

No background music.

Just ordinary life — but without a centre.

And that is far more destabilising than any vision.

Because if there is no “me”…

Then what exactly am I supposed to do with my life?

***

Earlier, everything was driven by ambition.

Work.

Studio.

Deadlines.

Plans.

Become something.

Build something.

Prove something.

Suddenly, all of that felt fake.

Like acting in a play after you’ve seen backstage.

I would sit with my laptop open and just stare.

Why am I doing this?

For whom?

Who is this “future” for?

It felt like building sandcastles very seriously.

Cute. But meaningless.

***

The motivation collapsed first.

Then the structure collapsed.

Then life collapsed.

Not dramatically.

Just quietly.

Like a tent losing its poles one by one.

***

I stopped caring about my career.

Stopped caring about stability.

Stopped caring about “what's next.”

Friends thought I was depressed.

Maybe I was.

Or maybe the old identity was simply dying.

Hard to tell the difference from the outside.

***

There was only one strong pull left.

Movement.

Space.

Sky.

Trees.

Silence.

I wanted to be anywhere but inside walls.

So I started roaming.

Forests.

Hills.

Long bike rides.

No destination.

Just going.

Like an animal finding its natural habitat again.

The Sahyadris became home.

I would sit for hours doing nothing.

No meditation technique.

No mantra.

Just sitting on rocks watching the wind move through the grass.

For the first time in my life, doing nothing didn't feel like laziness.

It felt correct.

***

But practical life still existed.

Bills.

House.

Responsibilities.

The apartment felt heavy.

Like an anchor.

Every time I entered it, the mind felt smaller.

Contracted.

As if walls were rebuilding the old “me.”

One day I just knew.

Very clearly.

If I stay here, I will slowly go back to sleep.

So I sold it.

Just like that.

No big strategy.

No five-year plan.

People said, “Are you sure?”

I wasn’t sure of anything.

Except that staying would be false.

Leaving felt true.

So I left.

***

Once the house was gone, something strange happened.

Fear should have come.

But instead, there was lightness.

Like dropping luggage you didn't know you were carrying.

For the first time, life felt portable.

Everything I owned fit in a bag and a bike.

That felt right.

Almost monastic.

Almost childish.

Free.

***

Then began the real searching.

Not intellectual searching.

Physical searching.

I wanted to meet someone who understood what had happened to me.

Because I didn't.

Books helped a little.

But books are words.

And what happened to me was not words.

It was direct.

Raw.

Pre-verbal.

So I started visiting ashrams.

Workshops.

Retreats.

Anyone who even remotely spoke about awakening.

Zen monasteries.

Dzogchen centres.

Advaita satsangs.

Bhakti gatherings.

Sufi spaces.

Churches.

Temples.

If someone said “truth,” I showed up.

***

Everywhere I learned something.

Everywhere I felt respect.

But nowhere felt like home.

It was strange.

I could see everyone pointing to the same thing.

But still something was missing.

Like reading menus while being hungry.

Information.

Concepts.

Practices.

But no direct fire.

Sometimes I thought maybe I imagined the whole thing.

Maybe that night was psychological.

Maybe stress.

Maybe lack of sleep.

So I kept searching for confirmation.

For someone to look at me and say,

“Yes. I know this place. You’re not crazy.”

***

Years passed like this.

Roaming.

Learning.

Dropping things.

Picking up things.

Then dropping again.

Progress happened.

Of course.

I became softer.

Quieter.

More detached.

But still —

no peace.

Not stable.

Like standing near the ocean but not entering.

***

Looking back now, I feel those years were preparation.

Like life sanding me down.

Removing arrogance.

Removing certainty.

Removing spiritual ego before it even formed.

Breaking me just enough

so that when the master finally appeared

I would actually be ready to listen.

***

At that time, though?

It just felt like wandering.

Like a madman on a bike with too many books and too many questions.

***

And somewhere inside that wandering,

very quietly,

a prayer had formed:

“Send me my master.”

CHAPTER 3

COLLAPSE OF THE BODY

The strange thing was —

Even after that realisation, life didn’t magically become easy.

Spiritually, something had opened.

But physically and mentally, I was a mess.

Almost worse than before.

Which nobody talks about.

All the books say awakening equals peace.

No one tells you the body still has its own history.

Its own chemistry.

Its own damage.

And it doesn't care about your enlightenment.

I had violent episodes since childhood.

Small things would trigger me.

I would spit on things I didn't like.

Break things I actually loved.

There was always too much intensity in the system.

Too much current in the wires.

Like the voltage was wrong.

Nobody really noticed.

Or maybe nobody knew what to do.

***

My father was an alcoholic.

My mother has schizophrenia.

So mental health in the house was never a “topic.”

It was just survival.

If you’re not dying, you’re fine.

That was the standard.

So I grew up thinking all this chaos inside me was normal.

***

After the realisation, something strange happened.

The mind was quiet.

But the nervous system was still restless.

Almost agitated.

Like the engine was running but the driver had left.

There was silence inside.

But the biology was still shaking.

Tremors sometimes.

Heavy fatigue.

Long hours of sleep.

Cigarettes one after another.

I couldn't sit for half an hour without smoking.

It was embarrassing.

Here I was reading scriptures about liberation…

and couldn't control a single craving.

***

Doctors entered my life.

Clinics.

Waiting rooms.

White lights.

Prescriptions.

Words like:

depression
, psychosis
mood disorder
long-standing case

Everyone had a different label.

Most just gave me sleeping pills and sent me home.

Some refused treatment.

Some looked at me like I was already broken goods.

It felt mechanical.

Like they were trying to tighten screws in a machine without asking what the machine was for.

***

Finally, I found one decent psychiatrist in Kolhapur.

For the first time, someone actually listened.

Adjusted medicines slowly.

Watched patterns.

Didn't treat me like a problem.

So I started travelling 250 kilometres just to see him.

Every month.

Bus rides.

Long roads.

Just for one appointment.

It became routine.

Almost pilgrimage-like.

***

The medicines helped.

But they also made me sleep half the day.

Body heavy.

Mind dull.

Like living underwater.

Sometimes I would wake up at noon and feel guilty.

“Spiritual people wake up at 4 a.m. and meditate,” I thought.

And here I am sleeping like a buffalo.

It was almost funny.

The contrast.

Inside: silence, clarity.

Outside: oversleeping, cigarettes, fatigue.

Two completely different lives happening in the same body.

***

That helplessness hurt more than anything.

Because I genuinely wanted to help people.

After the realisation, there was this strong urge —

share this light
help others
reduce suffering

It wasn't ambition.

It was natural.

Like wanting to share food.

But physically, I couldn't even manage myself.

Couldn't quit smoking.

Couldn't stay awake.

Couldn't function normally.

It felt like having wings in theory and chains in reality.

***

I remember thinking many times:

"If this illness weren't there, I could do so much."

Help my mentor when she had cancer.

Help my father when his liver failed.

Help my mother.

Help animals.

Help someone.

Instead, I was stuck managing my own brain chemistry.

It felt cruel.

Almost ironic.

Like life saying:

“First, heal yourself. Then talk.”

***

All the ashrams, all the teachers, all the scriptures during those years —

if I’m honest —

There were also attempts to escape this.

To fix this biology through spirituality.

To bypass the body.

Which never really works.

The body always calls your bluff.

By then, I was exhausted.

Not philosophically.

Literally.

Tired.

Cigarette smoke.

Medicines.

Restlessness.

Searching.

Travel.

No ground anywhere.

I didn't want another system.

Another lineage.

Another promise.

I just wanted relief.

Something real.

Someone real.

Not ideology.

Not teaching.

Just… help.

***

And that's exactly when life did something funny.

When I had almost stopped searching for masters.

When I was too tired to even look.

When pride had completely broken.

When asking for help didn't feel like weakness anymore.

That's when I found him.

Online.

Randomly.

Like you find an old song at 2 a.m.

No drama.

No prophecy.

Just a quiet man talking about healing.

***

And something inside me said:

This one.

CHAPTER 4

THE LETTER

I didn't approach him like a seeker.

I approached him like someone tired.

Very tired.

And that's important.

Because the ego can survive as a seeker.

It can survive as a spiritual person.

But it cannot survive genuine exhaustion.

So I wrote to him.

This was my first email.

***

Dear Master Adrian,

I am your 800th student online. The course so far is great, and it is immensely helping me understand the magnificent field of healing.

You mention two significant things—one in the course and one on your website.

The first one is *"You Can Heal Your Life."* It is the book closest to my heart. My drawing and art mentor, who took me under her wings at a tender age when I left my house and taught me how to draw for three years, gave this book to me and said, "You deserve the very best in life. Always remember that." Sadly, I lost her to cancer, and I

felt helpless in that moment. I owe her what I am today.

Secondly, you mention Osho on your website. When I was young, about sixteen or seventeen, I had started my animation studio, and my only employee was a person on a spiritual path. He handed me an Osho book in Hindi. That was my first formal introduction to spirituality. He was my first master on the path.

I realised the truth in 2017. Since then, I have extensively studied almost all the spiritual lineages of the world—through books and in the presence of many masters in various ashrams.

Despite having a rather colourful life, I still feel incomplete. I am constantly searching for something.

I have had violent episodes since childhood. I used to spit on things and people I didn't like, and crash the things I liked. My father was an alcoholic, and my mother has schizophrenia. My mental health went unnoticed and untreated for a long time. My father passed away two years ago.

I have seen many doctors for my condition. Most gave me sleeping pills and antidepressants. Many denied treatment until I found a good doctor in Kolhapur. His medicines suited me well. I don't know the exact name of my illness, but one doctor said it is a long-standing case of psychosis.

If this illness were not there, I would have been in a better condition to help my mentor with her cancer, my father with his liver cirrhosis, and my mother with her mental illness.

After spiritual realisation in 2017, I predominantly feel this way—I want to share the truth with the world and spread the light everywhere. Spiritually, I feel capable of doing it. But physically, I feel like my hands are tied.

I can't spend even half an hour without a cigarette. I have tremors. I have to sleep most of the day because of medication.

I try. But there is something about the biology that is holding me back.

All the scriptures I read and all the gurus I met since 2017, were attempts to free myself from this

misery. Maybe those were milestones on the path, until fate brings me in touch with you.

If I may ask, could you please heal me, Master Adrian?

I want to share my light. I want to heal people and animals. After completing the course, I want to go and heal stray animals in the shelter. Will you help me to help everyone?

I am eagerly waiting for your response.

This is the list of medicines I am on. Apart from oversleeping, I am not experiencing any side effects, but they may cause some problems with the heart and blood. I have my next appointment with the psychiatrist on 1st August 2025.

Sorry for such a long email. It felt right in this very moment, and I did it.

Sending a lot of love and gratitude from India.

— Satyajett

***

After sending it, I felt exposed.

Like I had removed all armour.

There was no spiritual persona in that email.

No enlightenment claim.

Just:

“I am broken in some ways. Can you help?”

And that, I think, is what really opened the door.

CHAPTER 5

THE REPLY

He didn’t reply immediately.

Which I liked.

It didn't feel automated.

It didn't feel like customer service.

It felt human.

When the reply finally came, it was simple.

***

Good morning Satyajett,

Thank you for your email. It's good to hear from my 800th student.

Apologies for being slow to respond. I'm always overwhelmed with healing work, mentoring and emails. I get back to everyone eventually, but for new contacts it can take a few weeks. I'm the only one who can reply to emails. I can't use an assistant, as everyone requires my intuition and expertise.

Thanks for sharing your journey with me. It is a somewhat difficult path. But that is often the case for people who have a gift. The spiritual path is an accelerated path. As such, life can come at you hard. Many lifetimes of energy and karma can be released and played out in a relatively short time.

That's what is happening with you.

Psychosis is never simple to heal. I'll need to release a lot of energy and trauma. So it will be a process and a journey to do it properly. It's certainly possible. I've done it before, many times. But it's always complex.

What is psychosis? What is the reality of it? How much is neural wiring? How much is ancestral trauma? How much is your trauma? How much is programming? How much is trauma response from childhood? How much is energetic attachment? How much is not even yours at all?

These are the things I'll need to discover. I suspect most of it will be ancestral trauma, usually passed down the female line. We inherit the mother's energy patterns and programming, and these can stretch back hundreds of years.

I'm generally pretty confident at healing these things. It's my life, and I do it all the time. But I take it seriously and like to do it properly. Full commitment from me. And from you, too.

Initially, it would probably be helpful to do a call. Either WhatsApp, FaceTime or Zoom. We can

have a talk, and I can connect with you and understand more about you. Then we can make a plan and move forward. A FaceTime call is as good as meeting in person. I can fully feel your energy, and we can talk it through.

Let me know if that would suit you, and I'll find a place in my diary. I do calls in the evening.

Best wishes to you,
Adrian

***

That line stayed with me:

Full commitment from me. And from you, too.

Not "I will save you."

Not "surrender."

Not "trust blindly."

Just a partnership.

Equal responsibility.

That felt right.

***

He didn't sound like a guru.

He sounded like someone who knew exactly what he was doing.

No drama.

No spiritual branding.

Just calm competence.

Which, strangely, made it more powerful.

***

We agreed to begin.
No big ceremony.

No initiation.

Just a time difference between India and the UK.

His night. My early morning.

He would sit.

I would sleep.

Energy would move.

And I would report back in a week.

That was the structure.

Simple.

Almost too simple.

***

That is where the real journey began.

Not the awakening.

Not the wandering.

But the meeting.

The moment a seeker finds a mirror.

CHAPTER 6

THE FIRST HEALING

There was no ritual.

No preparation.

No incense.

He simply wrote:

“I’ll do the session tonight. You don’t have to do anything.”

That was it.

His night.

My early morning.

While I slept in India, he sat somewhere in the UK.

No video call.

No chanting.

Just him sitting, connecting remotely.

If someone had told me years ago that healing could happen like this, I would have dismissed it.

But at that point, I was beyond dismissal.

I was willing.

That night, nothing dramatic happened.

No lights.

No visions.

I slept.

Maybe deeper than usual.

Maybe not.

It didn't feel theatrical.

And that actually reassured me.

Because real things rarely announce themselves.

***

In the morning, there was a message.

Healing Report.

He wrote calmly.

Precise. Observational.

He connected first to the heart.

He said the system felt open.

He mentioned old energy around the kidneys — fear, insecurity, childhood imprinting.

He didn't force anything.

He said the first session was exploratory.

And then the line:

"I am doing healing with you, not to you."

That sentence changed something.

Because most people try to fix you.

He was not fixing.

He was listening.

Working with the intelligence already there.

***

Over the next few days, something subtle shifted.

Nothing dramatic.

But anxiety rose and dissolved faster.

Sleep felt different.

Breath softer.

The background tension in the body lowered slightly.

Not cured.

Not transformed.

But less tight.

Like a fist loosening.

***

Then the dreams began.

Not psychedelic.

Not fantasy.

But symbolic.

One night, my father appeared.

He opened an old box and handed me gold coins.

I woke with the feeling that something had been returned.

Not money.

Permission.

Another night, a lizard appeared and shed its tail.

When I woke, I felt lighter.

As if some old attachment had dropped.

I sent him these in chat, slightly embarrassed.

He replied simply:

“Symbols are how the deeper mind speaks. Just observe.”

No over-interpretation.

No mythology.

Just steadiness.

The sessions continued weekly.

His reports grew more detailed.

Heart.

Sacral.

Third eye.

Silver light.

Golden light.

He once wrote:

“Strong golden field around the heart. Rare.”

I didn’t know what to do with that.

I was still smoking.

Still sleeping too much.

Still travelling for psychiatric appointments.

Golden heart didn’t match the external life.

And yet something inside recognised it.

Quietly.

***

One session he wrote:

"This feels like the type of work I do with healers. Solid. Not dramatic."

That sentence unsettled me.

Because I didn't see myself as a healer.

I saw myself as someone trying to function.

But he said it matter-of-factly.

Not flattery.

Observation.

And he moved on.

***

During this time, something else happened.

I started sharing small healings myself.

Nothing formal.

Just being present with someone.

Listening.

Sitting.

And people would message later, saying something had shifted.

One person's long-standing anxiety softened.

Another's sleep improved.

I didn't claim anything.

I just noticed.

The current that moved through me was the same current he was working with.

Which was strange.

Because I wasn't doing anything.

It felt like standing near a fire and becoming warm.

Without knowing how.

***

One morning I was sitting outside with tea.

Very ordinary.

Light on leaves.

Two birds are fighting loudly.

And suddenly —

complete stillness.

Not meditation.

Not practice.

Just total completeness.

Nothing missing.

Nothing extra.

Even healing felt unnecessary.

For a few seconds, everything was enough.

Then it passed.

But it left a taste.

Familiar.

Like the first night of awakening.

Only softer.

Integrated.

***

The weeks became a rhythm.

His night.

My morning.

Report.

Observation.

Chat.

Silence.

And somewhere in that rhythm, the relationship shifted.

He was no longer just Adrian.

Not in my heart.

The word “Master” began forming on its own.

He never asked for it.

He never demanded respect.

But something in me recognised depth.

Recognised someone who had walked through fire and come back simple.

That recognition doesn’t need a ceremony.

It just happens.

***

And while this was happening,

something else quietly unfolded.

The search stopped.

Not because I found answers.

Because the urgency dissolved.

For the first time since that night in July,

I didn’t feel alone with the silence.

Someone else knew this terrain.

And that changed everything.

CHAPTER 7

THE QUIET TURNING

The strange thing was — I wasn't trying anymore.

Earlier, everything had effort in it.

Meditation effort.
Searching effort.
Healing effort.
Even "letting go" had effort.

Now there was none.

The sessions continued, but I stopped measuring them.

Stopped waiting for breakthroughs.

Stopped checking if I was “improving.”

Something in me trusted the process without trying to.

That itself was new.

***

Physically, something unexpected happened.

The night I was initiated as a disciple by Master Adrian, I stopped smoking.

Overnight.

No tapering.
No discipline.
No gradual reduction.

It simply ended.

For years I had fought that habit.
Argued with it.
Failed against it.
Tried to quit many times.

Nothing worked.

And then, after initiation, the urge was gone.

Not suppressed.

Not controlled.

Gone.

I didn't feel strong about it.
I didn't feel proud.

I just didn't need it anymore.

That surprised me more than any mystical experience.

***

Medication also began to be reduced.

Slowly.

With the doctor.

Carefully.

But the fog started thinning.

Mornings became clearer.

Colours sharper.

Air felt more alive on the skin.

It was like waking from a long sedation.

The silence inside was no longer covered by heaviness.

It was clean.

Light.

Stable.

***

The body sensations changed, too.

Earlier, there was that lag — the body following me.

Now it felt integrated.

Not separate.

Not fused either.

Just natural.

The mind-cloud feeling disappeared.

Thoughts came when needed.

Left when not needed.

No drama.

No identity built around them.

***

One evening while walking, something very simple became obvious:

Life is happening perfectly without my interference.

The trees were growing.

Dogs barking.

People arguing.

Clouds moving.

And none of it required my management.

Including this body.

Including this mind.

The whole “I must control my life” idea felt childish.

Like a child trying to steer a train.

The train is already on track.

***

People began coming more.

Not in large numbers.

Just naturally.

Someone would sit and talk.

Cry.

Share something they had never shared.

I would listen.

Not give advice.

Not give philosophy.

Just sit.

And later they would message saying something shifted.

I never claimed healing.

But I couldn't ignore the pattern.

Presence was doing something.

Silence was doing something.

And I wasn't the source.

I was just… available.

***

At some point, I realised:

The master never tried to make me dependent.

He never said, "Only through me."

He never positioned himself above.

He simply worked.

Quietly.

And because of that, I didn't feel smaller around him.

I felt more myself.

That is rare.

***

There were nights when the body felt lighter again.

Not like the first awakening.

Not shocking.

But subtle.

Edges soft.

As if the body was made of something less solid than I thought.

Like light pretending to be matter.

It would pass.

I didn't chase it.

Some experiences are not meant to be displayed.

They are meant to mature silently.

***

And somewhere in this period, a very simple understanding landed.

The search had ended long ago.

But now even the memory of searching felt distant.

Like remembering a childhood obsession.

The urgency was gone.

The restlessness was gone.

The need to become something spiritual was gone.

There was just life.

Ordinary.

Complete.

I didn't announce enlightenment.

I didn’t claim anything.

But I knew something irreversible had happened.

The centre had dissolved.

And it wasn’t coming back.

Not because I killed it.

But because it was never solid to begin with.

***

From here, something else began.

Not seeking.

Not healing.

Not wandering.

Return.

Back into the world.

But different.

Completely different.

CHAPTER 8

RETURN

After initiation, life did not become dramatic.

It became simple.

Very simple.

I didn't wake up wanting to teach.

I didn't feel like giving discourses.

I didn't even feel like explaining anything.

There was just a quiet steadiness.

Like something had locked into place.

Irreversible.

***

People began reaching out.

Not because I announced anything.

Not because I claimed powers.

Just naturally.

Someone would message:

“Can we talk?”

Someone would say:

“I don’t know why, but I feel calm around you.”

I never positioned myself as a master.

But I also didn’t deny what was happening.

If someone wanted to sit, we sat.

If someone wanted silence, we were silent.

If someone cried, I listened.

No technique.

No process.

Just presence.

The pigeon came during this time.

Grey.

Ordinary.

One leg is bent wrong.

Broken.

It started visiting the balcony daily.

It didn’t run.

Didn’t panic.

Just stood there.

Watching.

Breathing.

Alive despite injury.

***

I didn't think of it as symbolism.

It was just a bird.

But I fed it.

Cleaned the leg gently when it was allowed.

Sat nearby.

No attempt to "heal."

Just being there.

The same way my master had been there for me.

Not fixing.

Not forcing.

Just present.

***

One morning it stepped onto my hand.

Light.

Fragile.

Heart racing against my skin.

For a few seconds, there was no thought.

Just contact.

Life touching life.

Then it flew.

Unevenly.

But it flew.

And didn't come back.

***

I laughed.

Because it felt complete.

Not poetic.

Not mystical.

Just complete.

Like a small chapter closed quietly.

***

Sometimes people would call me “master.”

The first time, I genuinely looked behind me.

I still forget things.

Still burns food sometimes.

Still get irritated occasionally.

There is nothing grand here.

But I understand what they mean.

They don’t mean perfection.

They mean safety.

They mean silence without pressure.

They mean someone who is not trying to become anything.

Maybe that is enough.

***

I don’t have teachings.

I don’t have a system.

I don’t have stages to guide people through.

I have silence.

And words that point to it.

And sometimes even words become unnecessary.

***

At night, sometimes, the body feels lighter again.

Edges soft.

Not dramatic.

Just a sense that this form is not as solid as it appears.

Like light condensed.

Like something temporary wearing a shape.

I don't speak much about it.

Some things are lived quietly.

***

When I look back now,

the search seems almost funny.

All those years.

All those roads.

All those books.

All that intensity.

And the truth was simple.

Embarrassingly simple.

So simple that the mind overlooks it.

***

Nothing happened.

And everything changed.

***

I once searched for a master.

Now people sit beside me and feel at home.

Life has a strange sense of humour.

And I find myself laughing more often these days.

Not because I achieved something.

But because there was never anything to achieve.

***

The path was pathless.

The master was inevitable.

The light finds the light.

Always.

Epilogue

Sometimes people ask me what changed.

I don't know how to answer that anymore.

From the outside, not much.

The same sky.
The same tea.
The same body is growing older.

But something that was always tense has relaxed.

Something that was searching has stopped.

And in that stopping, life feels closer.

***

I used to think the truth would be dramatic.

Now I know it is quiet.

So quiet it hides in ordinary moments.

In washing dishes.
In sitting beside someone who is hurting.
In feeding a bird without calling it spiritual.

***

If you have read this far, maybe something in you recognises this simplicity.

Maybe not.

It doesn't matter.

Nothing needs to be believed.

Nothing needs to be rejected.

Life is already happening perfectly well.

Even with confusion.
Even with doubt.
Even with resistance.

***

These days, I laugh more.

Not because I achieved something.

But because the whole search now feels innocent.

Necessary, maybe.

But innocent.

***

Like looking everywhere for something
that was quietly waiting at home.

***

That is all.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Satyajett experienced a sudden awakening in 2017 that radically altered his relationship with identity, mind, and purpose. What followed were years of wandering, searching, psychological collapse, healing, and eventual integration under the guidance of his master.

He does not teach a system, promote a lineage, or claim a method. His work is rooted in direct experience and grounded silence.

He writes for seekers, sceptics, believers, and those who are none of the above.

He lives in India and shares reflections, gatherings, and quiet conversations through his website: Satyajett.net